Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

We build our houses on the sands,
Forgetting that the tide
Of deep despair flows every-where,
Its waters are so wide.
We build, and fancy them secure,
And so take little heed;
Our woe unseen, we blindly lean
Upon a broken reed.

We build our hopes, and say, "Behold,
How bright the day to be!
How fair it is! I shall not miss
Its happy certainty."
We lay our plans, and one by one
We see them come to naught;
Where'er we go, the hand of Woe
Will clasp our own unsought.

There is no certainty in Hope,
E'en Love we cannot trust;
The corner-stone we builded on
Has crumbled to the dust.
But, with its beacon-light, the tower
Of Heavenly Promise stands:
There is the home where all may come—
"The house not made with hands."

THEODORE'S TRIAL TRIP.

BY M. E. BRUSH.

The cows were all milked and Theo turned them into the lane, leaving them to the tender mercies of ten-year-old Tommy, who was to drive them back to the pasture. The foaming pails were carried up to the house and placed in charge of mother and Sister Mattie; then, after the barn-door was locked and the key hung up in the wood-shed, Theo felt, with a sigh of relief, that his day's work was done. He was glad of it, for, if the truth must be told, the daily routine of farm drudgery was becoming more and more irksome to the tall, stalwart youth, and the even-flowing, peaceful life was fast merging into a dreary monotony. There was not the slightest savor of excitement or adventure in it. Theo had no poet's eye to seek out the beauties of nature surrounding him. Rosy dawns and golden sunsets brought with them only the plain prose of "feeding the critters," the green waving fields suggested only following the plow or mowing-machine. The red farm-house, with its sloping, picturesque roof, on which moss and lichens crept lovingly, seemed a prison. Far away, beyond the outline of faint blue hills, was the great world in which a man might win fame and fortune. Theo felt that he *was* a man. He was seventeen, full-grown, taller than his father, whose prematurely bent form was a proof of toil and hardship. Could he live and labor like that, year after year? No, a thousand times no! and he clenched his supple brown fingers in stern determination.

Into the soft, purple gloaming he sauntered; through the gate and down the green lane, spicy with the mints fresh-crushed by the cattle's feet, and musical with the insect orchestra hidden among the tall grasses on either side. Theo wanted to be alone—away from the slow, halting tones of his father, as the latter read the weekly paper, and from Mattie's high-pitched voice as she sang "Home, Sweet Home," amid the clatter of tin milk-pans.

This night, once for all, a decision must be made. Should he stay at home or go away? With Theo, as with the most of us, inclination was put in the scales, and so, when he returned an hour later, his mind was fully made up, and it was with a determined air that he entered the little sitting-room where the family were assembled. His father was still reading; Mattie was laboriously, but delightedly, pumping away on a wheezy melodeon; and his mother was making her usual attack on the basket piled high with mending.

"Father," said the young man, abruptly; "father, I had a letter from Spencer Coleman to-day."

His parents looked up in considerable interest, and his mother inquired,

"Did he write whether little Lucy was over the whooping-cough?"

"He didn't say any thing about his folks, only that they were as well as usual," Theo replied. "He wrote to me on business. He's going to make another trip to New Orleans, and—and he wants me to go with him. That is, he has made me an offer."

There was a nervous rustling of the father's newspaper; the half-darned stocking dropped from the mother's hand, and the melodeon suddenly ceased its asthmatic breathing.

Theo, well aware of the impression he had made, went on, impetuously:

"Now, I do hope that none of you will say any thing against it, for my heart is set on going. I can't be contented here. I never did like farm work. It's drudge, drudge for every single cent. I am young and strong. I want to see the world and find out if there isn't some work for me in it."

Here the mother's voice, full of the tremble of tears, broke in:

"My son, God has placed you here. We need you. Your father is far from strong. He has not yet fully recovered from last spring's sickness."

"He can get a good hired man for much less wages than Cousin Spencer offers me."

"But how about yourself, my boy?" observed the father. "I fear you will have a hard time of it. Hired hands on those steamers have no child's play."

"I can stand it, I guess. Now do say that you will both consent to my going," Theo added, persuasively.

"It is a matter that will take some thinking over," replied Mr. Ambrose, while his wife added, soberly,

"And a deal of praying over too!"

It was easy to see that Theo's scheme was a sore trial to his parents, but after considerable deliberation they yielded a reluctant consent, knowing that his spirit of discontent would never be quieted until he was called on to endure some of the real hardships of life. Besides, if he were to make this start in life, it was better for him to be under the care of their relative, who, though strict and often severe, was always upright and honorable.

Accordingly, one day, a little less than a week after the receipt of his letter, Theodore Ambrose found himself in New York city, forcing his way down to the wharves. Now that new and active scenes lay before him, driving away the sadness of parting from the dear ones at home, he was beginning to feel unusually happy. Every thing around him seemed joyous. The sky was a cloudless blue, the sunshine golden; the air mellow with the ripeness of early autumn and pungent with whiffs of bracing sea-breezes. Even the bustle of the motley crowds about him was exhilarating.

The train bringing him into the city had been a little late, and he was somewhat worried lest he should fail to be in time for his vessel, so that it was with considerable anxiety that he scanned the forest of tall, tapering masts down among the shipping. Presently he saw the name *Victoria* glitter in gilt letters on the stern of one of the vessels. But his heart suddenly gave a great throb as he beheld the wheels turn round and round and the steamer slowly glide out from the slip. He caught a glimpse of his cousin standing on deck, and in his desperation poor Theo made a frantic gesture with his arms and called out wildly. O, he could not bear to be left! An answering shout came back assuring him that it was all right.

The *Victoria* had only moved out to give room for the loading of a Galveston steamer, and in less than half an hour Theo stood on deck beside his cousin.

Spencer Coleman was a tall, portly man, past middle age, whose keen gray eyes peered out from beneath grizzly brows. His gait, gestures, way of speaking, were briskness itself.

"On hand, are you?" was his bluff but hearty greeting. "Mean business, I suppose, eh?"

Theo assured him earnestly that he did.

"Then, my lad, you'll have to take off that dry-goods toggery," pointing to Theo's neat suit. "Put on the very worst things you've got in your bag. We've no fancy work in store for you. I did expect to get the position of "oiler" for you, but that's spoke for by a nephew of the captain, and so you've got to go as "coal-passer." Now I tell you frankly, Theo, it's mighty hard work, and if you haven't a pile of real grit in you you can't stand it. If you hadn't seemed so bent on coming, I would have written to you again, telling you just how matters stood and advising you to stay at home. But now it rests with you. If you don't want to take the job you needn't, and there'll be no harm done, for I can easily find some fellow among these "wharf-rats." If you come, you'll have at the rate of thirty-five dollars a month and your board. As I said, you'll have a hard time earning it, and mind, you mustn't expect any favors from me, for I can't grant them, however much I might want to, for it would make hard feelings among the other fellows, and so, in the end, be worse for you. Come, think it over and let me know as quick as you can."

Theo hesitated. Could he perform the distasteful task set before him? He had expected something much better. On the other hand, could he go back to that humdrum farm and forego all prospects of seeing new sights. No, he said decidedly, and ere five minutes were elapsed he told Coleman of his determination.

"All right," returned the latter. "Glad you've got the gumption to not back out. Now I'll go with you to the purser's office and you can sign the articles of agreement, then I'll show you your new duties."

After signing the papers Theo followed his cousin down flight after flight of iron stairs, into what seemed the very bowels of the vessel. Here was a small room, with iron floor, gloomy interior, and stuffy atmosphere. He was shown the four huge furnaces, whose glowing heat kept the great heart of the engine throbbing. He was then instructed as to his own duties, which were to keep the firemen supplied with coal from the coal-bunks and to help dump the ashes and cinders. This sounds very simple, but when one reflects that the daily consumption of coal was seventy or eighty tons, the refuse ashes accordingly, also that the temperature in this confined space was considerably over a hundred degrees, the work does not seem so insignificant. Another duty also fell to his share. Whenever the fireman was "slicing the fire"—that is, raking it over and shoveling out the dead cinders, which he did with an immense hoe—Theo had to keep plying a hose-pipe, the stream of water tending to lessen the intense heat coming from the open, red-mouthed furnace.

Considerable dexterity and good judgment were required in this, for the least carelessness would have sent the stream of water the wrong way, thus generating a volume of steam that would be as destructive to the fireman as was the glowing heat.

But Theo kept his wits about him, and was generally successful in performing all that fell to his share. It must be confessed, though, that after the novelty and excitement of seeing the vessel steam proudly out of the harbor, and watching the blue outline of the familiar hills fade away and blend with the sky, he began to feel the pangs of regret that he had left his home.

In the first place he was deathly sea-sick, and those of us who have had that interesting experience can testify that there is nothing like it to drive away sweet peace or ardent ambition. Poor Theo had no opportunity of being comfortably sick, he must be up and doing; his duties were not to be neglected under any circumstances, and so, when his watch began, he set to work, weak-limbed and dizzy-headed, to shovel out coal. Fortunately, the exercise and excitement—perhaps, too, the startling profanity issuing from the mouth of the fireman when he did not shovel fast enough—drove away the deadly nausea. Then a circumstance occurring at the beginning of his task turned his thoughts from himself and his woes. He had just reached his shovel up into one of the huge coal-bunks, when it struck some soft substance, from which proceeded a stifled yell of pain and terror, and out scrambled what, in his astonishment, Theo at first thought was a veritable imp, but what proved to be a ten-year-old boy very dirty and ragged.

"*A stow-away!*" shouted one of the men. And so it turned out to be.

After some stern questioning from one of the officers, Billy Snoggs, for so the little fellow called himself, was set to work, and, after the habit of his class, was the recipient of all the extra kicks, cuffs, and curses of the men during the entire voyage. Theo was the only one who ever gave him a kind word, and accordingly he attached himself to the young man with the fidelity of a dog.

Theo had an opportunity of testing the honesty of his companions ere twelve hours were passed. Of course, being among the lower hands, he had not the privilege of being at meals with his cousin, who was one of the officers; but four hours' hard shoveling gave him such an appetite that he was thankful to eat anywhere, and accordingly, when the bells summoned them to dinner, he obeyed with alacrity.

Just here we will mention that, previous to sailing, he had, at his cousin's advice, bought himself a tin cup, plate, and spoon. These he had stowed away in his bunk, but when he went to get them they were missing. Much puzzled, he hastened to the deck front of the pilot-house, where his companions were greedily partaking of the coarse but abundant food the cook was ladling out to them from huge pans. His direful tale of the missing articles was received with loud guffaws and sundry coarse witticisms at his expense.

"O you green landlubber!" shouted one. "Why didn't yer have 'em marked with yer name! Then yer could 'a' stood a chance o' findin' 'em agin!"

This is certainly what Theo ought to have done, but regrets were in vain now. However, though the men made themselves merry at the young man's expense, they showed their good-will by lending him from their own scanty store, and at that meal and at all others during the voyage he ate from borrowed articles.

Meanwhile, on sped the vessel. Every day the weather grew warmer, and as the poor boy stood in the hot furnace-room,

shoveling away as if for dear life, not even daring to take time to wipe his dripping forehead, he thought with intense longing of the cool depths of the woods at home, where even now the nimble feet of the squirrels were scampering over the rustling yellow leaves, on which the brown nuts, loosened by the frost's crisp touch, were falling down! How pleasant to be out in the orchard gathering the rosy-cheeked Spitzenbergs, the yellow pippins, and russet pears! How delightful to drive old "White-nose" out into the cornfield and strip the rustling stacks and gather golden pumpkins! Then the pleasant evenings in the cozy sitting-room, with some of the young people of the neighborhood dropping in for a friendly chat!

How his mother would shudder could she know of his present surroundings! Great coarse men, who knew nothing of their Maker, save as they uttered his holy name in blasphemy—men whose previous lives were smirched by sin or blackened by crimes. Lewd songs and stories, blood-curdling curses and oaths—these were the sounds that fell on his ears, mingled with never-ceasing jar and ramble of the machinery, making the place a veritable pandemonium. O, if instead he could hear the church-bells ring out on the sweet evening air, or listen to his mother sing "Nearer, my God, to thee," as she moved about doing her household tasks!

Had he given the matter a thought, he might have known that it was his parents' prayers and training that kept him from sinking to the low level of his associates. He was young and gay, he liked jokes and jolly times; nevertheless, there was something in the grossness of his surroundings that was utterly revolting, and thus, thanks to God's mercy, to the fidelity of his parents, his young manhood was kept unsullied.

Of course, it did not take long for the other "passers" to find out that young Ambrose was not of their ilk; but beyond bestowing on him sundry euphonious titles of "parson," "lunkhead," and "greeny," together with several mild practical jokes at his expense, they did him no harm, being, with one exception, men of gruff good-nature.

The exception was "Dirck Gregg," a tall, angular fellow, with swarthy face, dark, half-closed eyes, a temper that was tiger-like, and a tongue unequaled in profanity. From the very first, he seemed to take a dislike to Theo, and the latter, seeing this, avoided him as much as possible.

One day, the captain came down into the fire-room with one of the passengers, who was desirous to see the machinery of the vessel. As the two stood there chatting pleasantly, the passenger, an elderly and very wealthy gentleman, drew out some papers from his pocket, and with them, quite unknown to him, came his purse, the latter dropping on the floor.

Dirck Gregg, shoveling coal near by, saw it, and with the swiftness and silent dexterity of a professional pickpocket, stooped and seized and put it in the bosom of his flannel shirt, and then resumed his work with the utmost *nonchalance.*

Fortunately, or unfortunately, whichever way our reader may regard it, Theo, shoveling away at the other end, had seen the little occurrence, and with honest indignation spoke out his mind just as soon as he could leave his work and come forward, the captain and passenger having meanwhile gone up the iron stairs.

"Gregg, you picked up that man's purse, and I saw you!" said Theo.

"Smarty, haint ye! An' what be yer goin' ter do 'bout it?" coolly, but with an ugly, snake-like gleam in his eyes.

"Do? If you don't give it up directly, I'll inform the captain."

"If that's the case, then, I'll hand it over," and Gregg carelessly walked away.

Somewhat regretting his own hastiness, and fully convinced that Gregg would do as he had said, Theo resumed his work. But what was his astonishment, some two hours later, to find himself confronted by the captain and the passenger aforementioned, both wearing very grave countenances. The former thus sternly accosted him:

"Ambrose, how came you to do such a thing as to steal Mr Harden's purse?"

Theo was completely dazed.

"Steal Mr. Harden's purse!" he stammered, his face flushing as if in conscious guilt. "I—I don't understand you, sir."

"Don't add to your crime by telling us a lie!" said Mr. Harden, severely. "Let me advise you to confess, for it will be all the better for you."

"I have nothing to confess," said Theo, now becoming more calm. "I have my own story to tell. But please state more fully your charge against me."

"Gregg says that when Mr. Harden and I were down here some time ago you reached in Mr. Harden's pocket and drew out his purse. He saw you do it, and was going to speak to you about it, but finally concluded to come to us."

Theo's young face grew white with righteous wrath.

"Gregg has told a base lie, sir! I saw *him* pick up the purse which Mr. Harden dropped when he drew out some papers. I told him he had better give it back, and he acted as though he intended to do so."

"Ambrose," said the captain, gravely, "how comes it, then, that we found the purse beneath the pillow in your bunk?"

"Under my pillow?" Theo gasped.

"Under your pillow," repeated the captain, and he continued, "But the purse is *empty!* Nearly five hundred dollars has been taken out. Now where is the money? That is what we want to know."

"Yes, my lad," broke in Mr. Harden, persuasively, "come now, make a clean breast of it, and it'll make matters easier for you."

But Theo was silent, utterly aghast at the baseness of the plot against him. Truly Gregg was a very fiend for cunning and revenge.

But now how could he clear himself? Mr. Harden and the captain stood looking at him with a stern, questioning gaze.

"I never took the purse," he began. But just then a shrill voice piped out, and Billy Snoggs, the "stow-away," stood before them, his grimy face working with excitement.

"Say, cap'n, I know where that 'ere money is! Mr. Ambrose didn't take it—you bet he didn't! It was that pesky Gregg hisself! An' I seen him, I did! You see, sir, this mornin' Joe, the fireman, sent me to the forecastle of an arrant, an' when I war there, I heard a leetle noise over by one o' the bunks, an' I seen that 'ere Gregg a-creepin' along so sly-like, that I kinder thought he was up to suthin' or other, an' I says to myself, says I, 'I'll watch an' see what yer up to, my fine feller!' He had a purse in his hand. He took a stunnin' big roll o' greenbacks out an' put 'em in the bosom of his shirt. Then he went an' tucked the empty purse under Mr. Ambrose's piller. Afterwards he went back to his own bunk, an', takin' down a pair o' trowsers, got a 'baccy-box from out the pocket. He put the roll o' greenbacks in the 'baccy-box, an' he put this in the trowser's pocket. Then he went away. An' he never knowed one bit that I war a-lookin' at him. Don't you tell him, fur he'll kill me, sure pop!"

The money was found just where Billy Snoggs had said, and Gregg was proven the culprit. But it was many days before Theo fully recovered from the nervous strain produced by the charge against him, and the incident only added to the disgust he felt toward his position. So it was with intense relief when, after a short stop at New Orleans, the *Victoria* was turned homeward. But how long the days seemed, how unbearable the heat, how fatiguing his tasks, no one but himself could tell. And when at last he reached home and beheld the dear old red farm-house, he felt like bursting into tears of joy. No more sea-voyages for him!

It was with a cheerful heart that he took up his tasks again. He felt an interest in his work now—he read and studied about it, believing truly that brains should be used in agriculture as in every thing else. And the result is, that to-day, some twenty years since Theo made his trip to New Orleans, he owns one of the largest and best kept farms in the State, and his most trusty hired man, our readers will doubtless be glad to know, is Billy Snoggs, the "stow-away."

WANTED.

Wanted: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds;
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and deeds.
Men that can dare and do;
Not longings for the new,
Not pratings of the old;
Good life and action bold—
These the occasion needs,
Men and deeds.

—*Duncan Macgregor.*

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Pencil and Needle.

To suggest that any one should use a needle to earn money seems a rather sorrowful kind of advice. Are not the papers full of sad stories of poor women trying to earn five cents in making a whole shirt? Does not the "Song of the Shirt" tell a miserable story of poor pay and slow starvation at needle-work? All this is true, and yet it is also true that thousands of women and girls to-day in this country support themselves and their families by their needles. Undergarments are sold in New York at retail for twenty-nine cents. At that price, after paying for material and commission on sales, the sewer does not get more than a few cents for making an entire garment. On the same street in the same city a single hand-made coverlet for a bed sells for $500 cash. A pair of pillow covers will sell for $100. A set of table napkins will easily bring anywhere from $50 down to $5 for one dozen. A set of curtains will bring from $100 to $500 a pair. These are actual market prices for things sold on Twenty-third Street.

A smart girl who knows her business can earn in large towns and cities from $1 to $1 50 in a day with her needle. In the country it is sometimes less than this. Thousands can do it, and it seems idle for any more to join them and thus keep the market crowded and the wages low. Why are these immense prices paid for certain things? A pair of pillow covers can be bought for $2. Any smart sewer can probably make a pair for half the money. Why then should another pair cost $100? The woman who makes such a pair must receive good pay. The material alone cannot make all that difference. Suppose the material costs $20; that leaves $80 for making.

It is plain this matter is well worth looking into to see if any thing can be done in such work. One lesson a week from a good teacher for forty weeks with four hours' practice every day between the lessons will enable any intelligent girl to do first-rate needle-work. She would then be able to begin business for herself. It would be better to say she is really to begin to study. She can do fine sewing and embroidery. What more must she know? She must learn to draw from nature, and she must learn to be a women of business. We will suppose first that she can draw fairly well. She lays aside her needle and goes out-of-doors. It's no matter whether it is summer or winter, provided she avoids the streets of a city. She looks about for something beautiful, a flower, a spray of buds, a trailing vine, a cluster of bare twigs covered with snow, a cobweb in a dewy thicket, some fallen leaves—any thing. Her eye must be quick to see what is really beautiful or picturesque. This she carries home, or if it is part of a tree or something that cannot be moved, she copies it with her pencil on paper. Perhaps it is only in outline—say a morning-glory growing over a rustic post. It is not the slightest consequence what it is, provided when it is put on paper it makes a series of lovely and suggestive lines. The more slight it is the better, provided it tells the whole story. This outline sketch is, say, six inches square. At the shop on the way home material for a dozen napkins is bought. This is made up into neat napkins with hemmed border or a pulled-out fringe. With transfer paper the outline drawing is transferred to one of the napkins. The tracing is then embroidered in colored silk, using one or several colors as seems best. Eleven more drawings are made from nature and transferred, one to each of the napkins, and embroidered. The needle-work would not take over a day and a half, say two days for a beginner. A trained worker might do them in one day. Such a set of napkins would bring about $4, perhaps $5, and perhaps a little less than $3. It would all depend on one circumstance.

Is there any money to be earned in that? It seems not. Look at the time spent over the drawings, the cost of the materials, and the needle-work. Besides, who will ever pay $5 for a dozen napkins. Well, it all depends on yourself. In the first place, you have the original drawings. These must be kept, as they are stock in trade. Taking all the time and labor spent, the cost of learning to draw and to embroider, even at $5 a dozen, it would not pay much better than plain sewing at $1 a day. Looking at it as an investment it may pay very well indeed. Before you made the napkins you had nothing to sell, and not a soul knew any thing about your work. There is your work. There's something to show. There are 50,000,000 people living in reach of your post-office. Out of them all there must be some who will be willing to pay $5 for the dozen napkins—if they are worth it. There's the point. Are they worth it? You must in some way get the opinion of the public on your work. Don't go about begging your friends to buy them. Show them to friends, but do not beg any one to buy them. Above all, don't tell a human being how badly you want that $5. That's not business. That's begging. Keep a brave front and boldly put your goods on the market. Put on your best dress and hat; don't forget your gloves. Look a perfect lady, smiling and confident, and take them to the stores where such things are sold. The first thing you find is plain, honest criticism. You will learn more in ten minutes about the real commercial value of your work than all your friends will tell you in a life-time. A better way is to send them to the nearest exchange for women's work. There are several in different parts of the country. The New York Exchange for Women's Work at 329 Fifth Avenue is a good example of these institutions. The store-keeper refuses to buy your napkins, or the exchange sends them home unsold.

It is useless to cry. This is business, and you mean to be a business woman. What is the matter with the things? O! You thought it too much trouble to copy the designs from nature and took the patterns from an old magazine. There's the point of this business. The design. It is always the design. Your design was old, or bad and inartistic, and all your beautiful embroidery is thrown away. By all means throw it away. It will hurt you to keep it, because you may unconsciously repeat it some day and spoil more work. We will suppose you have an eye for graceful forms; you do really copy from nature and arrange the drawings in capital and novel designs. The work is really artistic. By accident some stranger sees it and buys it and takes it away. The exchange sends word it has accepted it and sold it, and you receive your

first check in life and you are glad of it. This is a beginning. It is something, and as you have preserved the designs you can try again, and the next set of napkins pays a better return, because they require less labor.

Some day a letter comes by mail—from a stranger. "Please send one dozen napkins same design as those sold to exchange. Send C. O. D. on the 10th." Why, it's the 6th now. O, perhaps there's no hurry! There's a meeting of our local reading circle, and to get the napkins ready the meeting must be given up, and that seems too bad. There never was a more fatal mistake. The 10th means the 10th. You do not know all the circumstances. You do not know even the person who sends the order. It is an order; it means business, and the work must be done on the 10th at any sacrifice. Do the work, fill the order exactly on time, and prove you mean business. Fail to be ready, and you may never receive another order from any one, and certainly not from that person. Here is where so many girls fail. They are not prompt. They think delay is of no consequence, and, though they have beautiful designs and can do good work, business does not seem to come to them.

In these few words is explained a real opening for earning money at home. It pays good workers who can make their own designs about $2 50 a day, and for very fine artistic work even more. Were it not so these high prices would not be paid in New York. Many try and fail, and for one reason—bad and inartistic work. They either cannot draw or have to depend on designs made by others, which, of course, lowers the value of the work; or they are unskillful with the needle, or do not know how to select good colors; or—the most common fault of all—they are not good business women. They fail to keep their contracts, or do not see the importance of business habits, and so lose business. The costly and beautiful embroideries sold in New York at such high prices are all designed by artists, made by skillful work-women, and sold by competent business women. Hundreds of girls are trying such work as this, and hundreds fail for the reasons mentioned. That is no reason why you will fail. If you have no exchange in easy reach, advertise in your local paper that you do such work. If your town is small or you live in the country, transact all your business through the mail, and try to get your work displayed in some city. Do not fear competition. Make your designs more lovely, more unique and original, than can commonly be found, and you have nothing to fear. This is a business, and it is not difficult to win a reputation in it that will grow as you improve in your work and lead, as it has already led some women, to results far beyond your highest expectations. The needle alone is not a very profitable tool. The needle and a pencil support in comfort many a woman. The public is always seeking for good work. Can you do it? Another time we will look deeper into this matter.

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN TO THE CHINA SEA.

THE *Scranton* had reached Singapore. Anchored near them lay the *Dartmouth*, the ship which they came to relieve, the returning flag-ship of the Asiatic squadron. A long "homeward-bounder" pennant streamed from her main truck, its end almost touching the water some forty feet from the stern. Between the crews of the two ships there had been a good deal of pleasant intercourse, "ship visiting" having been permitted daily.

"The *Dartmouth* is heaving up anchor, sir," the quarter-master on duty reported to the officer of the deck one morning.

The officer gave a quick glance at the *Dartmouth*, and then transmitted the report through the orderly to the captain.

In a few moments the officers began to come on deck and gather aft. The crew crowded along the rail and watched the preparations going on on board the out-going ship.

"Bugler, call the band!"

The call was given and the "wind jammers" assembled on the poop-deck.

The executive officer took the trumpet, and mounted the starboard house-block.

"Stand by to lay aloft, and cheer ship!"

Instantly the crew jumped up on the rail, and waited impatiently for the next order.

"The *Dartmouth* is under way, sir," the quarter-master reported, but his words were drowned by the quick orders—

"Lay aloft—Stand by—Cheer!" and, led by the executive officer, three rousing hurrahs from over four hundred throats were given, that echoed grandly over the water.

Immediately on board the *Dartmouth* the port rigging was manned, and the cheers came back in heartiest fashion; and lo! as the last was given, hundreds of sailor caps were sent spinning into the air, and in the maintop a tall effigy appeared in view for a moment and then was flung out, reaching the water after many a somersault, and amid wild shouts of laughter and derision. As the *Dartmouth* steamed slowly past the *Scranton*, the water behind her speckled with floating caps, the order was given—

"Stand by to give one more cheer, and then lay down from aloft—Cheer!" and the cheer rang out more heartily than before. "Lay down from aloft!" and the crew slowly descended from the rigging. A signal was given to the band, and "Home, Sweet Home"—never so affecting as when heard under such circumstances—was played, many a rough sailor contributing the involuntary and unconscious tribute of a tear. "Auld Lang Syne" followed, and then the band was sent below, and the usual routine of the ship went on. The next day the *Scranton* steamed out of harbor, and headed for Hong-Kong.

Rex was standing at the rail, watching the low fringe of palms receding from view, when he was joined by Reddy.

"Aint this here the jumping-off place?" the latter asked.

"Yes," said Rex, abstractedly. "We go no farther south. This is the most southern part of Asia—of the main-land.

"Pretty near the equator, eh?"

"Within about seventy-five miles of it."

"How much farther must we go before we get to the divide!"

"If you mean the half-way point in longitude, we are very near it now. Singapore is nearly 180 degrees east of New York."

Rex relapsed again into abstraction. Reddy gave one of his crab-like movements, and looked at him.

"I suppose you are chock full o' knowledge about this place?"

Rex replied, somewhat mechanically, that he had read about it.

"But you are not giving it away without a good deal of pumping, I see—O no!" Reddy remarked, sarcastically.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Rex, coming out of his abstraction, and turning to his shipmate. "Don't be an idiot! I can tell you all I know of the place in a dozen sentences."

"O, of course, if I worm it out of you," said Reddy, turning away.

Rex seized him by the collar and turned him around.

"See here, Reddy," he said, a little flushed; "you know me pretty well by this time, and you know I mean what I say. If you ever use that tone to me again I'll give you such a thrashing as you never had in your life. I'll lick some of that unreasonable temper out of you, or—"

"There! You needn't get into a tiff about it," broke in Reddy. "Let's walk!" Rex calmed down in a moment. Such squabbles were not unusual between them.

"Well, then, as to Singapore," Rex went on to say, as they paced up and down the deck, "it is an island, about twenty-

seven miles long by fourteen broad. It is owned by the English—bought by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819. It is the capital of what is known as the 'Straits Settlements,' which include, besides Singapore, Penang, Province Wellesley, and Malacca, all of which we passed on the west coast of the Malay peninsula. The population is about 150,000. On the day I went ashore to get those photographs for the chaplain—"

"Trim wind-sails! Wind on the starboard bow!" This order, given by the officer of the deck on the bridge, and repeated by the boatswain's mates, interrupted the conversation for a few moments. The two lads went aft to trim the wind-sails belonging to their part of the ship, and which led down into the wardroom. Rex was fastening one of the bowlines to a canopy rail when a boatswain's mate blazed out at him,

"What are you making that fast for there, you lubber? You might as well tie it to the heel of yer boot!"

Rex had acquired the habit of meeting all such rough remonstrance and criticism with perfect good humor. He looked up, therefore, with a smile.

"Take it to that belayin' pin there!"

Rex made the line fast where he was directed, and then resumed his walk with Reddy.

"As I was saying," said Rex, "I found an English settlement when I landed, but not a very large one. Back of it, and all around it, the streets were lined with Chinese stores. The whole place seemed swarming with Chinese. I think I saw a hundred Chinamen to one Englishman. And they have the funniest contrivance you ever saw, Reddy, for riding. It's a little chaise-like affair on two wheels, and drawn by a Chinaman. You get in, and the fellow starts off on a sharp run, and keeps it up too. They call it the *jinrikisha*, or *riksha* for short. A Mr. Drummond, upon whom I called for directions, told me we should find them in all the large ports of China, and every-where in Japan."

"Did you try one?" Reddy asked.

"Yes," said Rex. "The photographer's place was quite a distance out of town, and I was advised to ride there. I didn't like the idea at first. It seemed somehow as though I was helping to degrade the man, bringing him down to the level of a beast of burden. But every body seemed to use the vehicle and—I wanted to see how it went."

"And how did it go?" Reddy asked, eagerly.

"Just splendid! The motion was easy, and the speed rapid, and the man seemed to enjoy the run."

"Could you talk with him?"

"He knew a little English. But he had such a funny way of using it that I couldn't help laughing in his face. He laughed too. Mr. Drummond told me that it was 'pigeon English,' and that I would soon get used to it."

Reddy was very much interested in the *jinrikisha*. He compared the coolie with a horse, and very much to the latter's disfavor.

"Why," said he, "here's a hoss that don't need no reins and no drivin'; a hoss that wont run away with you; a hoss you don't need to hitch; a hoss that stables himself, and feeds himself, and don't need currying; a hoss that takes care of the carriage."

"Yes," added Rex, "and a horse that knows the way better than you do; a horse that can read signs and names which you can't read; a horse that you can talk with and joke with; a horse that—laughs!"

"Hurrah for the *riksha!*" said Reddy. "We'll have some rides when we get to Hong-Kong, wont we?"

The apprentices were drilled that morning in the "wig-wag" signals—a method of communicating by waving a flag by day and a lantern by night. Thus, holding the flag vertical and waving it twice to the left means the letter *a;* waving it once to the left, twice to the right, and once to the left, means the letter *b*, etc. Rex had become quite an expert in this exercise, and was frequently detailed to instruct the backward boys. Reddy, too, had made himself familiar with the code, but his spelling was so imperfect that he was not employed as an instructor.

A naval cadet drilled the boys that day. Rex was excused, but stood by and watched the exercise. They had nearly got through. Each boy was required at the close to signal a sentence of his own composition, and Reddy's turn had come. He handled the flag with great precision and readiness. Rex was proud of him. He had signaled, "I like to do this"—when he hesitated for a moment, then he went on —"f-i-r-s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t." The boys broke into a loud, mocking laugh.

"That's an original way of spelling 'first-rate,'" the officer remarked.

Meantime, Rex quickly telegraphed with his finger to Reddy the correct spelling, and by the time the laugh had ceased the latter repeated the signal without mistake. But he was very much mortified. As he walked forward with Rex, the latter tried to soothe him, but to no purpose.

"I'll tell you what," said Rex, finally. "Just say the word, and I'll teach you spelling. I'll make you the best speller among the boys. And I wont use a book either. We'll take it up in our walks."

Reddy brightened up at this.

"You see," urged Rex, "you taught me how to spar, and you taught me well too. There isn't a man in the ship I would be afraid to meet. And one good turn deserves another."

Reddy was easily coaxed into compliance, and in six months from that time had attained such accuracy in spelling as to gain a perfect mark at the quarterly examination.

Indeed, that youth improved in a great many ways under Rex's influence. From being a street gamin to whom vicious ways were a second nature, he was rapidly developing into a noble, virtuous manhood. The two years of training which he had enjoyed in the home of the Christian woman who rescued him had laid the foundation, but it is very doubtful if he would have withstood the deteriorating influences of ship life but for the example and friendship of Rex. The downward current was strong. Some of the apprentices of the *Scranton* had the reputation of being the most foul-mouthed, profane, idle, and worthless in the crew, and Reddy would probably have consorted with them but for Rex. He confessed something of the kind one day when they were talking seriously together.

"I promised *her*, you see, that I wouldn't drink, or swear, or lie, or steal, or gamble. But it would have been mighty hard to keep the promise if you hadn't stood by, for I used to do 'em all, and they're a bad lot here."

Reddy was very popular among the crew—more so than Rex. The latter's industry and astonishing progress in the knowledge of his profession excited their wonder and envy. His elevation of character aroused their antagonism. They felt that he was somehow above them. But for his obliging ways and cheerful disposition he would have been shunned and probably hated. But Reddy belonged to them. He had the knowing way of one who had seen life in its worst phases, and who was not to be imposed upon. He was fruitful in resources. They admired his pluckiness, and the quickness and shrewdness of his speech. He was a master of "chaffing," though he rarely indulged in it now, realizing, perhaps, the insincere habit which it engendered.

"He's got the cheek of a right whale," said one of the crew, speaking of Reddy one day.

"That's so!" was the reply. "Did you hear what he said to the officer of the deck the other day?"

"No; what was it?"

"He was on messenger watch, and had been sent below on some errand. When he came back the officer of the deck asked him where the marine officer was, and he put on a face like a judge, and said,

" 'He's down in the wardroom playin' whisky poker, and a-gettin' badly stuck, sir!' "

"No! you don't say so! Well, if that aint the cheekiest of any thing I've heard yet!"

"If his independence hadn't been sublime, he'd been fired out in a hurry."

"Ah, he's a cute one! I've never seen his like before in all my goin' to sea. He's up to all sorts o' things, too. He'd catch fish in a scuttle-butt."

Nothing of importance happened on the way up to Hong-Kong until they nearly reached that port; then an event occurred which rudely disturbed the monotony of ship life.

It was a bright morning. The ship, under easy steam, was making about eight knots. The island of Hong-Kong lay like a purple cloud on the horizon directly ahead, and distant about twenty-five miles. Preparations were in progress for entering port. The crew were busy taking off chafing-gear, removing the canvas covers from the boats, getting the gangway ladders ready for shipping, etc. So smooth was the sea that the side-cleaners had been ordered over the side to wipe off the paint-work on the hull, and were dangling in their "boatswain's chairs" within a few feet of the water, busy with their cleaning rags, and jesting with one another. Rex and Andersen were in the mizzen-top. They had finished up their work, and were watching some fishing-junks that were lazily moving through the water not far away. Andersen was explaining some peculiarities of their rigging, when a stifled cry and a sudden stir on the deck below drew their attention.

"What's that?" exclaimed Rex.

Andersen had hardly time to reply, "A man overboard!" when they heard the officer of the deck give the order, "two bells," to stop the engine, followed by a second order to "Let go the life-buoy."

"There he is!" said Andersen, pointing aft over the starboard quarter. "He missed the grab rope and the Jacob's ladder, but he's got hold of the patent log-line. He's all right now."

Rex was very much excited. He started to go out on the cross-jack yard, intending to jump into the water from there, but Andersen detained him.

"That would be very foolish and useless," he said. "Look there!" he remonstrated, pointing down to the crew, which had crowded aft, and were watching the man with interest. "There are dozens among them who would jump overboard if there was any need of it. There's the life-buoy floating near him. He'll be picked up in a few minutes, and be none the worse for his ducking."

The engine had been stopped and backed, but the momentum was such that the ship still went forward. The man had let go of the log-line, and was now swimming. He drifted astern very fast.

The life-boat had been cleared away and lowered; the crew bent gallantly to their oars.

"Has he got hold of the buoy yet?" asked Rex. "It's just on a line with him, and I can't see."

"I think he has," replied Andersen; "but it floats so high, I'm not sure."

Just then some one on the deck exclaimed,

"He's on the life-buoy!"

Rex breathed easier.

"They'll get him now very soon," said Andersen. "The boat is almost up to the buoy. It would be very strange if a man that could swim— Why! where is he now?" he asked, in a changed tone.

They both looked earnestly.

"You must have been mistaken," said Rex. "He never got to the buoy. And there is no sign of him anywhere," he added, in an awe-stricken tone.

The boat pulled to a spot beyond the buoy, and the crew lay on their oars; then they pulled round in a circle, and again lay on oars. Then they slowly pulled to the buoy, lifted it into the boat, and returned to the ship.

Rex hastened down to the deck. He was standing near when the officer in charge of the boat came over the side and made his report to the officer of the deck.

"We got within a couple boat's lengths of him," he said, "and hailed him. We had not the slightest doubt about rescuing him. But he suddenly put his hands up, and went down."

"Very well. Make your report in person to the captain in the cabin. Messenger, tell the coxswain of the boat to hook his boat on. Lay aft to the second whale-boat's falls!"

The order was repeated by the boatswain's mates. The crew came aft and manned the falls.

"Set taut! Hoist away!"

The boat was run up to the davits, and the ship again started on her way.

"Who was it?" Rex inquired of a petty officer.

"Green, of the foretop."

"What! that short, light-complexioned fellow?"

"Yes."

"How did he fall overboard?"

"He was over the side, and the knot in the bottom of his chair was too small for the hole. It slipped through and let him down."

"But wasn't he a good swimmer?"

"One of the best in the ship."

"Why didn't he keep afloat?"

"I give it up."

There was quite a discussion upon this subject among the crew. Various opinions were stoutly maintained, but the prevailing one seemed to be that while clinging to the log-line the unfortunate man had been towed under, and was almost drowned before he let go. A subscription of over four hundred dollars was subsequently raised among the crew in behalf of his destitute mother residing in Maine.

On the afternoon of that same day the *Scranton* steamed into the harbor of Hong-Kong. The lofty back-ground of mountain, the town extending along the base and up the side, recalled to every one the rock of Gibraltar, only on a much larger scale.

[*To be continued.*]

MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY.

VI.

THE dangers attending the coal miner's occupation are many and varied. One danger, nearly always present in greater or less degree, is from the liability of the slaty shale, which is always found above the coal, to fall. This is a very heavy substance, and sometimes falls in great masses without a moment's warning. As the coal is taken out the careful miner sets posts to support it. Many of the accidents result from a failure to do this, either through carelessness or because the posts are somewhat in the way, and the miner takes the risk rather than be discommoded. It is a fact amply proved that nearly all the fatal accidents of this kind occur to men who have been long in the business and become careless of the dangers. A new hand has the dangers ever in mind, and takes all precautions.

But sometimes the slate at a given place has a form which the miners call *horse-back*. It is in reality more like the back of a great turtle. Its danger consists in the fact that its presence cannot be known until it drops, leaving a curious round cavity in the roof. But woe to the luckless miner who happens to be under it after the coal has been removed and its attachment has become so weakened as to be no longer capable of supporting it. This is hard to guard against, for it may fall between posts set close enough to support the ordinary slate.

Attentive readers will remember the allusion to the forms of tree trunks being found sometimes in the coal, and the statement that some of these were shown to have been hollow by the existence of a column of sandstone inside. These form a source of danger, somewhat rare, however. The miners call them *sand-pipes*. Where such a formation exists and the

lower part of it has been removed in taking out the coal, there is danger of the mass of stone dropping out from the part remaining above unless guarded against.

But the greatest danger from slate is in the operation which the miners call *drawing a rib*. We saw last week how the "rooms" are driven in parallel to each other, a few feet apart. The narrow pillars of coal left standing between them are the ribs, and they are taken out by beginning at the back end and working toward the "entry." In this operation the slate has to be posted every few feet, and even then accidents frequently happen.

It was but recently that a miner at work in such a place was in a moment stricken down by a mass weighing many tons falling from above. It leaned in such a way that the coal bore most of its weight, but the poor man was pinioned so that he could move neither hand nor foot, and suffered intensely. Other great masses of slate were loosened by the fall and threatened to come down at any moment, but four brave men set about the work of attempting his rescue, and toiled for thirty hours while he lay there in agony, able to converse with them and even to touch them, but held as if in a mighty vise. Meanwhile his wife and eight children waited outside in an agony scarcely less intense than his own. At length one arm was freed, then a leg, and just when success was about to crown their efforts the ponderous mass came crashing down, grinding to a shapeless mass and burying the imprisoned miner, and almost catching his heroic fellow-workmen.

The gases which collect in the mines are perils to those who toil in these dark recesses of the earth. These gases are apt to be found in swampy regions, and although expensive appliances for ventilation are employed, the imperfections or disarrangement of these sometimes cause terrible accidents. *Fire-damp* (the chemists call it *carburetted hydrogen*) is highly explosive, and when the fire of his lamp is brought in contact with it the explosion following is likely to bring an awful death to the miner. The force of such explosions in the confined passages of the mines is sometimes sufficient to hurl heavy objects many rods. If the miner escapes this there is great danger of suffocation, because the explosion burns up the life-sustaining oxygen and leaves a gas—*after-damp*, the miners call it—which destroys animal life when breathed. Poisonous gases are sometimes met other than those produced by an explosion.

MR. RUSKIN'S CRITICISM.

In a recent lecture before the London Working-men's College, Sir John Lubbock gave a list of about one hundred books which, in his judgment, were requisite to a good education. He lamented the prevalent practice of reading indiscriminately, and expressed the hope that other men would prepare lists similar to his own. Acting upon this suggestion the "Pall Mall Gazette" printed Sir John's remarks and sent copies to a large number of eminent Englishmen soliciting comments.

Many replies were received. The Prince of Wales responded through his secretary "that the list suggested by Sir John Lubbock could hardly be improved upon. His Royal Highness would, however, venture to remark that the works of Dryden should not be omitted."

Mr. Gladstone replied on a postal-card—his favorite method of correspondence—"Mr. Gladstone much regrets that it is wholly beyond his power to pay due attention at the present time to the very interesting suggestion of the editor."

But none of the other letters were equal in interest to the one which came down from Mr. Ruskin's home in the lake country. He wrote as follows:

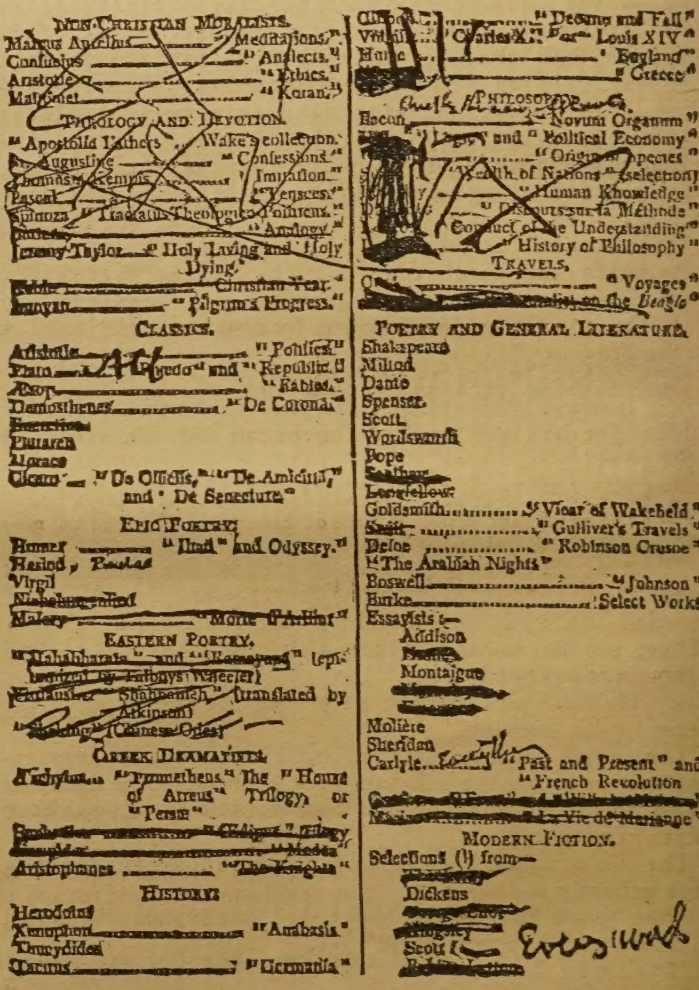
BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *Jan.* 13, 1886.

My Dear Sir: Putting my pen lightly through the needless—and blottesquely through the rubbish and poison of Sir John's list—I leave enough for a life's liberal reading—and choice for any true worker's loyal reading. I have added one quite vital and essential book—Livy (the two first books), and three plays of Aristophanes (Clouds, Birds, and Plutus). Of travels I read myself all old ones I can get hold of; of modern, Humboldt is the central model. Forbes (James Forbes in Alps) is essential to the modern Swiss tourist—of sense. Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

It is often said that Mr. Ruskin's artistic sense has aroused in him an inordinate admiration for ruins, with a corresponding dislike of such modern and unromantic subjects as America and the Americans. Probably his criticisms upon Sir John Lubbock's list were not dictated by such slight considerations. But the list, as it came from his hand, was indeed a ruin, and the names of Emerson and Longfellow, which had stood for American literature, were no longer there.

The following fac-simile shows very clearly what the great critic means by his strange adverb "blottesquely." The list is given as it came from his pen:



SAVED BY THE WAVES.

We know of a case in which a lady passenger on board of a transatlantic steamer was washed completely overboard by a huge wave, then, as the ship rolled toward her, the sea raised her in reach of her husband, and she was rescued. An equally miraculous escape is reported by a lake captain:

Capt. Sterling, of the schooner *Mercury*, which arrived here Sunday night from Ludington, tells an exciting story of the marvelous escape of a seaman who was washed overboard in mid-lake during the fearful storm of Friday night. About midnight a tremendous sea struck the vessel, which was laboring heavily, and carried John Anderson over the side. It was impossible to round to, and his companions gave him up for lost. Capt. Sterling, who was at the wheel, was thunder-struck a few minutes later to see the man holding on to the quarter fender on the port side, and endeavoring to climb over the stern of the vessel. Capt. Sterling sang out to the mate to take the wheel, and rushing to the fender rope, reached over and pulled Anderson on board. The escape of the man was miraculous. He says that the sea which washed him overboard carried him about fifty feet from the vessel, and in the direction which she was sailing. He is a good swimmer, and when he came

up on the crest of the wave he could see the ship's lights shining faintly through the driving snow-storm, and struck out as best he could to get as near them as possible. In his life and death struggle he was materially assisted by the undertow, or back sea, which, being strong, dragged him toward the vessel. At this moment another wave swept over him, and as he came to the surface his head struck the side of the schooner. He retained his presence of mind, and began reaching for the fenders, which he knew were hanging over the side. Fortunately, he succeeded in grasping the last one on the port side, and was helped on board.

WHAT THE NAMES TELL.

THERE is much more in words than we see at first sight. From the names of very common articles we may gather much of their history:

The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "cambrics," that they came from Cambray; "damask," from Damascus; "arras," from the city of the same name; the "guinea," that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet," that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress of England and America, that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the East; yet the words bear standing witness that we once imported them thence; for "calico" is from Calicut, and "muslin" from Moussul, a city of Asiatic Turkey.

IN COURT.

THE average court report in the city daily is as unsavory as the facetious treatment of a serious subject may well be. The police court shows the seamy side of life, to be sure. But sometimes even the prisoners' dock contains a manly heart which needs but a little kind assistance to stand upright again. The judge of one of the New York courts told a "Tribune" reporter the following touching story:

In my court a few weeks ago a big Irishman was brought up for smashing the windows of a Chinese laundry.

"You can't take the haythen's word for what happened, Judge," said the fellow.

I was struck with the force of that argument at once. "No," I replied, solemnly, "but I can take your word. Put your hand on the book and be sworn."

The big chap fairly shook and turned pale while I impressively put the oath to him.

"Mike," I said, "you know that it is better that you should go up for six months or smash a thousand windows than to break that oath made to your Maker in the presence of this court. Will you tell me the truth?"

"I will," said he.

"Did you break the Chinaman's window?"

"I did, your honor. I was sick and cross and out of money, and he wouldn't give me my clothes, and I got ugly. I wasn't drunk."

The man was shaking like a leaf with the effort. I had to stop a moment to consider his case.

"Will you pay the Chinaman the damage?" I asked.

"I haven't a cent in the world, Judge, and I am sick, but I will promise to pay him in a month."

"You can go," I said.

It was just a month to the day that a big fellow stopped me at night as I was going into my house. It turned out to be my man, the window-breaker. He handed me a slip of paper to read and said:

"Judge, I've been in the hospital every day since I promised you to pay for those windows. There is the doctor's certificate for it, so that you may see that I am honest. I thought I must come and tell you why I hadn't paid him yet, and that I shall keep my promise, though I couldn't do it as soon as I agreed."

He did pay the "haythen" afterward. Now that was something worth while to tell about.

A BUILDER'S LEGEND.

THERE are curious legends connected with almost every trade. They sprang up in the superstitious times which we call the Dark Ages. The "St. James Gazette" tell of a strange fancy which is current among Bulgarian builders:

Nine master masons, who were engaged in building a citadel, found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the previous day had fallen to pieces during the night, and was lying a heap of ruins in the ditch. Manol of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from heaven had warned him in his sleep that their labors would continue to naught unless they all swore that morning to immure in the structure the first woman, wife or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them. They all took the oath, and the last man had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife made her appearance bringing her husband's breakfast. Manol kept the oath, and "Flora of the Fields" disappeared in the mass of the rapidly rising masonry. A curious practice of the Bulgarian masons which survives to this day testifies the vitality of the legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build, they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after they have dug the foundation and are about to lay the first stone, and then they bury the reed under the foundation stone.

EIGHT IN TWENTY-FOUR.

AN elephant is a dangerous beast if he feels that he is being imposed upon, as the old story shows of the Eastern tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk and received a deluge of dirty water in return for the trick. In "Leaves from the Life of a Correspondent" we find a funny account of the manner in which the author extricated himself from a situation which might have been uncomfortable:

A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants in undress, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a blow with his proboscis, so I went to the door and began *de novo* as before.

Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.

HIS HIGHEST HONOR.

AMONG the most famous of German poets was Ludwig Uhland, of whom the "Pall Mall Gazette" relates this anecdote:

Although the poet delighted to take his subjects from the knightly and romantic Middle Ages, when feudalism was every-where in force, he was essentially a poet of the people. The Prussian king, Frederick William IV., offered him the Order Pour le Mérite, with flattering expressions of the royal regard. Uhland, however, declined to accept it. While he was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, there was a knock at the door. A working-class girl from the neighborhood entered, and presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets said,

"This is an offering from my mother."

"Your mother, child!" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn."

"That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl, "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave; I have plucked them, and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greeting."

The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and putting it in his button-hole he said to his wife,

"There, dear woman, is not that a decoration more valuable than any king can give?"

CONFIDENTIAL BUSINESS.

ANY one who has visited a stock or produce exchange, heard the deafening noise, and seen the pushing and skylarking of the brokers, only to wonder how business can be done in such a place, will learn of a more quiet way of trading in this description from the "Pall Mall Gazette:"

There is a mode of procedure current among traders in the East by which business transactions are settled without the utterance of even a single word. Buyer and seller take each other by the hand, and in order to keep their arrangements quite private the hands are covered with a cloth or veil. Then, by pressing the hand or part of it, the intending purchaser makes his offer and receives his answer in a similar way. Each sign has its special meaning, the interpretation being as follows: If the whole first finger is taken hold of the Nos. 1, 10, or 100 are understood. (The number which is meant is rarely misunderstood, as business men are always acquainted with the approximate value of an article.) If the first and second fingers are taken hold of together the interpretation is 2, 20, and 200; for three fingers it is 3, 30, and 300; for four, 4, 40, and 400; and for the whole hand, 5, 50, and 500. If the little finger only is taken, 6, 60, 600 is meant; the third alone, 7, 70, and 700; the second, 8, 80, and 800; the first finger taken hold of alone and bent over signifies 9, 90, and 900, and if the thumb is grasped 1,000 is meant. If the purchaser touches with his thumb the middle joint of the seller the sign signifies $\frac{1}{2}$; if a line is drawn with the thumb from the middle joint of the forefinger to the knuckle it is plus $\frac{1}{4}$; a line from the knuckle toward the end of the finger is minus $\frac{1}{4}$. A touch of the whole nail of the forefinger is plus $\frac{1}{8}$, and if only the point of the nail is touched it is understood to mean minus $\frac{1}{8}$. These few simple signs, which, of course, admit of a great number of different combinations, comprise the whole of the Oriental mercantile language, and appear to completely satisfy the traders.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

PLEASANT manners and high principle make the true gentleman. Ease of movement, geniality of temper, ready wit, and fluency of speech are all important parts of the pleasant manners we commend. He who possesses them all, in even a moderate measure, is to be congratulated, for they make him welcome in every circle and secure for him friendly feeling and words of praise.

BUT geniality, grace, wit, and readiness of utterance are to the quality of veritable gentlemanliness what veneer, paint, and polish are to a piece of furniture or ornamental binding to a good book. They attract, give pleasure, and impart a pride of ownership. But the adaptation of furniture to practical uses and the thought, style, and spirit of the book are the essentials; and with sensible people they determine the value and fix the price of these things.

OUR friend Mortimer is a pleasing fellow. He carries sunshine wherever he goes. Therefore he is a welcome guest at all firesides. He is the life of a dinner party, the leading light of an evening company, and guarantees even a "church sociable" against failure. He dresses well, talks well, laughs well, and makes others laugh. Old ladies appreciate him, young ladies praise him, young gentlemen respect him, and the girl he loves best is proud of him. Happy Mortimer! If manners were all, he would be peerless. If suavity and grace and wit were to be offered a premium, the ribbon and badge would decorate our courteous and charming Mortimer. But in this world people grow practical, and test machines and men by certain standards of construction and use which determine their intrinsic and permanent worth.

UNDER a brilliant military dress there should be a soldier. The buttons, blue cloth, and epaulets do not make the soldier. They are in many cases nothing but veneer. They are sometimes the polish of native wood. Military costume makes handsome decoration for an evening party or for a great parade, but in battle or on the march, through thicket and dust and heat, it matters less—much less—what the soldier wears. Is he a soldier? Can he endure? Can he resist? Can he plan? Can he persevere? Can he die—like a soldier? Cloth may be spoiled by dust and blood; buttons may tarnish; epaulets may be dropped and lost—but is there a man there? Is the man a soldier? Never mind his size—can he fight? Never mind his rank—can he fight? Parlor receptions and big battalion days and grand reviews require best clothes and gay trappings and prancing steeds—but how about the man under the clothes when the "reception" is opened with fire by the foe and the day is a day of battle?

OUR reader may ask what the soldier has to do with Mortimer. We wish that Mortimer had more to do with the soldier—that is, the soldier with the "stuff" in him, the soldier of the genuine quality. For this is what Mortimer the gallant knight of the parlor needs: conviction and courage. He does not live in the times of "chivalrous emprise," of mounted knight and well-poised lance; nor in the days of open rebellion or of revolution, when brave men march without flinching into the face of death. He "dines nicely and sleeps warm," as Emerson put it. Servants black his boots and wait on him at table. No "recruiting office" in his town; no "call from the president" for more men; no rumors of approaching armies or bands of guerrillas to make even a home guard necessary. He lives in times of peace, and is at peace with—himself and his parlor friends; and "the fellows like him." He has what Lady Blessington calls "the requisites for a courtier—a flexible conscience and an inflexible politeness." Not quite so bad as that either, for Mortimer is in his politeness natural, easy, and graceful. He is a fine fellow—but he is not brave.

WE do not say what Mortimer might be or do if occasion required. Pride might make him bold. We think it would, and that in a fight he would conduct himself nobly. But the quality he needs in time of peace is what he lacks—the courage of the parlor, which is a higher type of courage than that of the battle-field. Richter says the "grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy." Here is the point of weakness in Mortimer's character: he lacks the conviction to begin with, and then he lacks "the courage of his convictions." He has "ideas," and in a general way "opinions." But a "conviction" is more than an opinion. It has grappling irons and a keen blade. It lays hold of a reluctant soul, and then cuts its way in. Mortimer has no such penetrating and controlling convictions. If fashion were to command the observance of a custom, Mortimer would find nothing in his conscience to prevent conformity. He would indeed have little patience with the man who dared refuse such conformity. He would call the conscientious and independent fellow a "fool" or a "fanatic;" not to his face indeed, for Mortimer is a "gentleman," but he would say it in society—if the controlling sentiment of the society then present were sure to agree with him. Mortimer always goes with the crowd. He smiles their smiles, and his musical voice echoes their expressed opinions.

IF people drink wine where Mortimer dines Mortimer drinks wine. "Why not? Why be odd and absurd?" If he should sit at a society table where total abstinence was the law, never a faintest hint could you draw from any thing he might say to make you doubt his loyalty to "teetotalism." He is a believer with believers; a skeptic with skeptics; a Republican with Republicans; a Democrat with Democrats. "Why antagonize people? You make nothing by it." Perhaps he would not scoff at religion when others scoff—but he would parry a sarcasm with a reply that was more a jest than a protest. He could not grow indignant over an assault upon religion in his presence. He has not the conviction that kindles indignation. No flint in Mortimer from which to strike fire. He is floss and tissue paper. When men smite principles he smiles one of his amiable smiles, and either assents or tries to change the subject. Where he cannot go to the full extent with his companions he is simply silent. He is non-committal. "People will have their own opinions, you know.

There's no use in turning people against you. Every man has a right to his own views. I believe in letting folks alone." Poor Mortimer! How limp he is! He is so not because he has no backbone, but because he has no firm faith, no deep-rooted convictions, dear to him "as the apple of his eye." If he had faith he would have valor. He has energies of will that count for nothing because he has no great cause to command them. Some men run to waste through want of will. Mortimer is a failure through want of faith. What he "might be" only aggravates the offense of his life in being the weakling, and the fashion-block, and the amiable entertainer that he is. O for something to startle Mortimer! It may take the smiting of his pride, the shattering of his idol—popular applause—the loss of property, an open grave, and the thrusting into it of his young love. But whatever it may be that under God's gracious providence accomplishes the result, that will be a blessed day for Mortimer when he puts Inclination under bonds, lays hold of Reality, and lives under the dominion of Principle, and finds delight in Truth. He will be a soldier then, and will have influence over men—for their good. He will become a true gentlemen with pleasing manners, high principle, well-defined convictions, and the courage of a hero.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for February 28, 1886. NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.—Neh. 1. 1–11.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Psa. 108. 12.

MORE than seven hundred miles away from Jerusalem, occupying a post of honor and receiving good pay in the palace, Nehemiah takes to heart the bad reports he gets from the holy city, and sets to work weeping and fasting and praying about it. "A very foolish thing for a sane man to do," you say. "Why didn't he go in for a good free time himself; wear his best court clothes; eat the best food the markets of Shushan could supply, and let the forlorn Jews among the ruins of Zion get along as best they could? Why spoil one's good time by solicitude over other folks' bad time?"

Well, that is the way of "the world," and it is the way of some Christians. It was not the way of that perfect man JESUS whom prophets, poets, and philosophers have exalted. He left the glories of the heavens through pity for the forlorn condition of the race of man and gave *himself* for us. Nehemiah was in this like the Christ. And in this he was unlike the average man of this world. It ought to be something to us that other people suffer. The avenues have no business to forget the alleys. Parlors where Christ goes cannot forget the poor-houses. If people suffer in China we have no business to be unconcerned about it in America. The race is one. It is a narrow view that allows a man to be indifferent to the woes and the sins of his fellow-man. He is far from being a true gentleman who is too selfish to care what calamity befalls his neighbor. She is any thing but a lady who allows the girl in the kitchen to suffer from bodily pain or mental grief without sympathy or help. We need more of the Nehemiah spirit—a spirit of interest in others.

With him it was a religious interest, because these Jews were the people of God in a peculiar sense. Nehemiah loved the old city, the scene of the grandest events in the history of his people, the site of the temple, the place where he expected one of these days (and he hoped the time was nigh) to see the King who was to restore the glory of the kingdom as it was under David. It was therefore a religious interest Nehemiah felt. No wonder he prayed. No wonder he suffered. I wish we had more Nehemiahs among the best young men of this land. Then we should find more love for the race, more interest in the Church, more unselfishness in character, less hardness, less infidelity, less unkindness and cruelty.

On all the public buildings in Paris during the last empire one might see every-where the imperial initial "N." It was carved in granite and marble, formed in flowers; it was painted, gilded, embossed, wherever it could be put. N represented Napoleon. It has gone now from arch, panel, and door-post. You may find it over—a tomb. We will do well to put our thought for a while on N again and fill our eyes with it, that we may remember and imitate Nehemiah, the unselfish, sympathetic, devout, and noble; greater than all the Napoleons put together, because he was true to his people and to his God.

The hope of our race is in the people who love; who love man with a measure of God's love. Nothing else can save us. Love only can give patience with weakness, helpful grace toward the sinning, the spirit of sacrifice and toil.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 4.—The theory of our government is that the United States is an asylum for the oppressed of every land; that every one is welcome who conforms with the laws, and that after a certain time the immigrant begins to exercise the right of suffrage, becoming a citizen, and taking an interest in the welfare of his adopted country.

The Chinese do not belong to this class of immigrants. They come to acquire money, and having obtained it they return. They take no interest in our land except as a place where property may be secured and from which it may be taken away.

Their habits of life are degraded, and their low grade of existence makes it possible for them to offer their labor at a price which a man in a higher civilization could not afford to accept.

The unlimited immigration of the Chinese would theaten this country with great danger, and would either degrade our working-men or cause conflicts which it would be most difficult to control. J. A. K.

No. 5.—The Chinese are an inferior race to our own. They lower wages by their peculiar habits of diet and household economy, and they degrade morals by their vices of opium-smoking, gaming, and licentiousness. They contribute the least possible to our prosperity, and they take away the most possible from our people. Their presence in our towns is the signal for outbreaks and disorders. No one wants them except the few who profit by the low wages which they require. They are a positive harm, and their immigration should be prevented.

A. S. B.

No. 6.—The present rate of wages in America allows the working class a standard of living which includes many comforts and small luxuries. The Chinese who come here to compete with us are able to live in the cheapest way. They can therefore force wages down to a very low point, so that our workmen must give up their household comforts in order to obtain work. The government should restrict the immigration of any class whose presence tends to degrade the workingman's condition. C. U. S.

No. 7.—It is not only the right but the duty of every nation to provide for its own prosperity, and should it be decided that the restriction of immigration is essential to this result no doubt can be entertained as to the government's right. The transportation of goods and of men are but different methods of bringing about the same result in the commerce of the world. Whether we admit the manufactures of a people free of duty or the people themselves without restraint, that they may produce their manufactures here, the effect is the same—the lowering of the wages of the American laborer and the depression of home industry; and it is thus evident that the restriction of immigration from a nation where wages are so small and the standard of living so low as they are in China is essential to the success of our system of protective duties. O. W. L.

Negative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before Feb. 20 or 27, 1886.*

BEST BOOKS.

An Historical Atlas, comprising 141 maps; to which is added besides an explanatory text of the period delineated in each map, a carefully selected biographical bibliography of the English books and magazine articles bearing on that period. By Robert H. Labberton. New York: Townsend Mac Coun, 744 Broadway. With Dr. Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History," and Labberton's "Historical Atlas," the student has nothing more to seek in the line of historical apparatus. The Atlas has already been adopted by all the principal colleges and universities of America. It costs $2 to any student of history, and is worth $50.

OUR YOUTH SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

IN an early issue we shall begin a department, to be known as the *School of Journalism.* The plan, which will be more fully explained within a fortnight, is in brief as follows:

In one number a few bare facts will be stated in regard to something which is supposed to have occurred at a certain time and place. Two weeks later we will print the best written account of the incidents outlined which we receive, and to the successful competitor will give a prize of some kind. The aim of this department will be to give practice in clear, vigorous journalistic writing of all kinds. Those who are ambitious to become writers for the press may gain much from this exercise, and others as well will find it profitable.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to convince them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and with mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

THERE is a great power in a page of printed matter—if the matter be of the right kind. A page is sometimes worth more than a volume. Busy people will read and ponder a brief article who would not even look at a book. As a pebble may turn the course of a mountain brook, so the views and purposes created by a "tract" or newspaper article may affect an entire life-time. The prejudice among a certain class of people against "tract distribution" grows out of the unwisdom of certain simple-hearted people who scatter tracts without any regard to adaptation, as when the good woman gave a tract against dancing to a soldier both of whose legs had been shot off.

THERE are people who distribute tracts without reference to the personal feeling of the recipients. Few people like to be pushed into prominence by having tracts thrust into their faces by obtrusive colporteurs, in railway stations, street cars, and hotel parlors. It is very irritating to a woman, though she be nearly a saint, to be called away from the wash-tub, the nursery, or the table to find tracts on "profanity," or "repentence," or other topic, left on the door-step or slipped under the front door by a professional "city missionary." Now, the legless soldier, the annoyed traveler, and the irritated housewife should accept the well-meant ministry of their religious friends with courtesy, self-control, and charity. But the "religious friends" would do well to mix their zeal with common sense and cultivate "the wisdom of the serpent" that they might have "the harmlessness of the dove." Well-meant work if ill-wrought might almost as well have stayed well-wrapped and unwrought in the genial warmth of good intentions.

THESE sincere and awkward souls bring a good work into ill-repute, and probably no work suffers more from this mal-management than tract distribution, and therefore this prelude on the wrong way of doing good work. For we want to take up the question of last week,

What can the members of the Oxford League do in the line of work? and we want to give to it

ANSWER 2. They may, under the direction of the pastor and of the Quarterly Conference committee, distribute religious literature of the right kind, to the right people, at the right time, and in the right way. They may do it unobtrusively, courteously, discriminatingly, and regularly. They may form a "brotherhood" and a "sisterhood" with no distinguishing badge or garb to attract attention, and with no coarseness or affectation to create contempt, but who with sense and taste do intelligent and radical work. The result of their labor may not be reported in numbers of tract pages, nor in miles or hours of local travel. They choose good soil and sow good seed. They take little stock in mere statistics; nor do they wholly despise them; but they work to win people, old and young, to true ideas, true impulses, true choices, true surrenders, and true consecrations.

THERE are always people who need some idea to stir them up, and open them out, and start them toward a better way of living. Indeed, every body is susceptible to impression from ideas if they can be put at the right time and in the right manner. There is a right time to ask a favor of father and to give a hint to mother. All the children know this, and they know how to practice on it. So there is a right time to approach people with thoughts about religious and other duties. Now the problem of tract distribution lies in this matter of adaptation. Rightly understood it increases the tract work and gives wonderful success. We shall next week show how it works.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

METONYMY AND SYNECDOCHE.

THE two figures of speech which are burdened with these peculiar names have caused youthful rhetoricians no little trouble. It is as difficult to distinguish between them as to tell one of a pair of twins from the other, and we are glad to learn that the best authorities are gradually ceasing to make any distinction between them.

Metonymy is derived from two Greek words, and means "a change of name." *Synecdoche*, from the same language, signifies a "taking together," or "connecting in a certain sense."

The device of language, of which these two divisions are but slightly different forms, consists in singling out and emphasizing some part of an object which immediately suggests the whole, or in giving a name or object with which certain things are connected, instead of enumerating the things themselves. This is not only a saving of time, but it adds to the vigor of language, and is of advantage in calling attention to a single characteristic of a person or thing. To illustrate the nature of this figure, let us take the well-known saying, "*The pen* is mightier than *the sword*." The *pen*, the implement of peace and enlightenment, is made to represent one state of society, and the *sword* another. Some one has expanded this sentence into the following form: "The agencies of peaceful civilization are stronger than those of war." One can best appreciate the force of the figure we are discussing by contrasting these two ways of saying the same thing.

When we say that the "drunkard loves the bottle," we use another form of this figure—giving the *container* for the *contents*. In the expression, "Bring *gray hairs* in sorrow to the grave," we use the *sign*, *gray hairs*, instead of the *thing signified*, *age* or *feebleness*.

If a man is said "to set a good *table*," we are not unwilling to be invited to his house, not because we admire furniture, but because we understand the figure which puts *table* for *what is on the table*.

The use of this figure is familiar, and examples of it abundant. *The bench*, for "the judges on the bench;" *the bar*, for "the lawyers within the bar;" *the pulpit*, for "ministers in the pulpit," etc.

The force of this figure in singling out the most prominent characteristic of a thing is shown in the following examples: "The fortress was *weakness* itself;" "He was all *impatience*." Another form of this kind of figurative language consists in giving to a person an historical name with which certain well-known qualities and characteristics are associated. For instance, a truth-loving boy may be called a "second George Washington," or a popular orator mentioned in the daily press as "a modern Cicero."

In short, metonymy and synecdoche, no longer a pair of almost indistinguishable twins, but, thanks to the rhetoricians, rapidly becoming as closely connected as the famous Siamese brothers, *select one object or characteristic and make it stand for all which may be suggested to the mind of the reader or hearer.*

SEVEREST OR MOST SEVERE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us asking whether the superlative form of the adjective *severe* should be *severest* or *most severe*. In our judgment either form is allowable. The old rule of the grammarians laid down the law very emphatically that in the case of adjectives of two or more syllables the comparative and superlative forms should be indicated by the words *more* and *most*, and not by the endings *er* and *est*. This rule is founded on the fact that a succession of short syllables has an offensive sound to the ears of English-speaking people. It is better for us to go to the source of the rule, and decide for ourselves in doubtful cases, rather than conform blindly to an iron-clad rule. There can be no doubt that *beautifulest* is unharmonious and distasteful, but we would hardly change Goldsmith's line,

"Sweet Auburn, *loveliest* village of the plain,"

although *lovely* has two syllables and would have been considered incorrect by the old-time school-masters.

THE CARDINAL COLORS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to name the cardinal colors. It will not be out of place in answering this question to describe briefly the way in which these colors are determined. A ray of sunlight, when allowed to pass through a triangular prism of glass or rock crystal, is broken up into a great number of rays, which, however, arrange themselves into seven groups, each group shading away into the next. These seven groups furnish the seven cardinal colors which may be remembered by fixing in mind this peculiar word, VIBGYOR—*Violet*, *Indigo*, *Blue*, *Green*, *Yellow*, *Orange*, *Red*.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THE student of English will derive great benefit from memorizing passages from classic English authors. The training which this memorization gives is considerable, and when we add to that the advantage of having at one's command beautiful and inspiring thoughts expressed in the most appropriate words, the refining influence of this practice becomes more evident.

The study of models in literature, as in any other pursuit, is an invaluable assistance, and the more of these best things we carry about with us, the better for our literary improvement. Quotations once mastered should be so often repeated that there is no danger of losing them. Many a tiresome hour of travel or illness may be whiled away in company with these literary friends. We urge upon our readers the importance of collecting and mastering quotations while the memory is still active. It will be sowing a crop which will yield a noble harvest in the years to come.

To assist those who may be induced to gather quotations, we shall, from week to week, print two or more standard passages, which we hope will be learned perfectly and often repeated. There is one quotation

which contains a beautiful idea, but which is often wrongly attributed to the Bible. It is this:

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

This is from a book of travel, written by Laurence Sterne, who lived in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Pope furnishes us with many short, smoothly written, and easily detached quotations. Among the most familiar from his works is the description of vice:

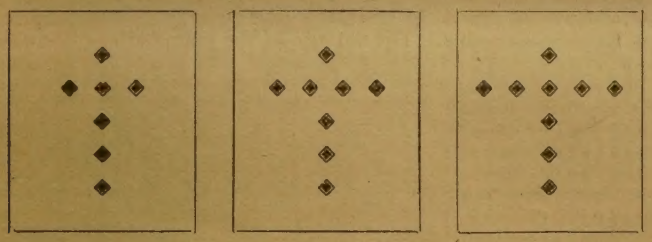
"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

RECREATION.

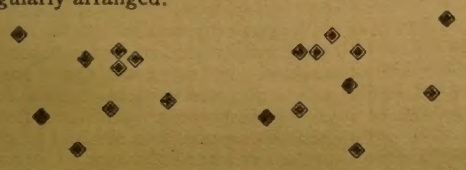
[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

A Guessing Game.

From an article in the "Gartenlaube," on "Unconscious Counting," the "Pall Mall Gazette" has devised a game which may be interesting to our readers. The test of how far any one can count at a glance is easily made by putting several small objects, such as coins, pins, or matches under a sheet of paper, then lifting the paper for a second and looking at the objects, and after covering them again give an estimate as to the number. At first it will be found difficult to fix the number if there are more than from three to five objects, but the eye becomes very soon accustomed to distinguish between larger numbers, so that after a short time eight or nine objects will be counted by the eye with the same facility. Care should, however, be taken that the counting is not done consciously, for that would take far too much time; the number of objects should only be valued. The mistakes which are at first frequently made in this guessing game will become rarer and rarer, and almost any body can become an expert in rapid counting up to ten objects. After that it becomes more difficult. The sensation, says Herr Preyer, of a person practiced in unconscious counting, when looking attentively at larger numbers of objects, is that their number shoots rapidly through the head. To acquire this method of counting black spots should be made on white square pieces of cardboard, first symmetrically and in small numbers, as, for instance, the following:



Afterward their number may be increased and their position altered. It will also be good practice to open a book, cover part of the page, rapidly look at the lines left uncovered, and to guess at their number. It is astonishing how soon the eye gets accustomed to the numbers. The more advanced "unconscious counter" should practice on spots not regularly arranged:



which is much more difficult at first. Herr Preyer concludes his interesting article with the remark that unconscious counting, like all other oft-repeated processes, such as lifting the hat as a token of salutation, becomes at last an entirely mechanical process, to which we have only to add that if it does not become easier than the common form of salutation appears to be to a large part of male hat-wearers its success as a branch of knowledge will not be striking, but as an amusement it is sure to find favor.

Home-made Air-Guns.

There is fascination in shooting at a mark, whether it be with revolver, rifle, bow, or "sling-shot." None of these weapons, however, are appropriate for in-door use, and a winter evening is not likely to be any the shorter or more jolly on their account. To be sure, small rifles and air-guns are manufactured, but they are rather expensive, and hardly pay for the investment. Home-made air-guns of considerable accuracy, and just enough power, may be made for a nominal sum.

Required, a long tin tube to be obtained at any toy shop in response to a request for a "putty-blower," some worsted, pins, and a piece of very fine wire.

The "putty-blower" is a complete weapon in itself and only ammunition must be prepared. Wind a quarter yard of worsted around a piece of card about three fourths of an inch wide; pull it off the card, and around one end of the little bundle tie a piece of the worsted. Then push a pin through the center of the bundle from the loose end, and let it project half an inch. Bind the worsted firmly to the pin with the fine wire, and cut the ends of the bundle with the scissors. The strands of the worsted will make a brush-like end to the dart and guide it through the air.

The gun is discharged as follows: The dart is introduced at one end, and pushed in until it just disappears. The same end is put between the lips and covered by the tip of the tongue, while the cheeks are expanded. When the pressure of air is considerable the tongue is suddenly removed, and the dart expelled. Put a target on a door, and in succession aim the darts at it. They will stick fast in the wood even at a considerable distance. A little practice will enable a person to become an expert and accurate marksman with the air-gun.

The St. Paul Ice Palace is said to be the finest ice building yet constructed. It is in the form of an old castle, and has a central tower one hundred feet high, battlements, outworks, and all the other appurtenances of a fortress. One evening the snow-shoe clubs stormed the stronghold with roman candles, rockets, etc., their fire being returned in a similar fashion from the walls of the castle. It is not stated whether this assault was successful, but we venture to predict that a certain old warrior, who is at present wintering in our sky, will "reduce" the fortress, and make it do what never castle did before—"run away."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Deep snow and frosty air are unfavorable to church prayer-meetings.

We notice that parties, sociables, and "straw rides" are not seriously interfered with by deep snow and frosty air.

Human nature is rarely snowed under or frozen up. Speaking of prayer-meetings—is yours held on Wednesday or on Thursday evening?

Gladstone is on top again. What a grand thing a permanent government is! It is like a "settled ministry."

A Methodist Episcopal minister in Pennsylvania writes: "My Anna and Frank both recited the Golden Texts and titles for six years and missed none. They repeat them every month. Are going to finish the seven years' course. How many of your Sunday-school scholars can beat that? Not many. Parents and pastors, don't insist upon the memorizing of Scripture and then find fault with the "International Lesson System." How many verses is it these children know?

A correspondent from Medina, N. Y., writes to the editor of Our Youth: "I notice in 'Our Note-Book' of Jan. 30 reference to the Sunday-school library of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Rochester. In the fall of 1883, our energetic superintendent, Geo. Beach, Esq., proposed raising one hundred dollars for our library (nothing less than five dollars accepted). This was soon done; our library thoroughly examined; all books that were not considered right by the library committee taken out, and no book put in until it had passed through the hands of a committee appointed to that work. On the first Sunday in January, 1884, cards were passed through the school, and either from individuals or classes we received pledges enough to put in a book every Sunday. For that year 49 books were added. Last year we pursued the same course and added 52 books. This year we have received pledges for sixty books. Though our town is not very large, we have tried successfully for three years the book-a-Sunday, and now have about 350 choice volumes in our library."

A Rochester paper reported the editor of Our Youth as having spoken of amusements—dancing, the card-table, etc.—as though there were "no harm in them." A pastor writes to know if the editor of Our Youth made such a statement. The editor replied in short as follows: "While it may be hard to prove that the simple act of dancing in a parlor, going to a theater, are *per se* sinful, the tendency of these things is on the whole evil. Even if the separate 'thing' be not a *crime*, the 'institution' which the 'thing' represents is bad, and wholly bad. I never justify going to the theater, playing cards, drinking wine, or dancing. I think that no Christian can do these things *who truly understands his relation to Christ and humanity*." Of this whole question we shall write later on.

A pastor from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, says: "—— Church in this city is largely made up of proselytes from our Church. That church, with its high professions, has dwarfed our growth. I am with you in the work of the Oxford League."

An Oxford League was organized in *Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.*, October 30, 1885, Rev. W. C. Wilbor, pastor. The secretary, R. E. Brettle, reports February 1, 1886, "a membership of forty and much interest manifested in the meetings."

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Portugal.

(Area, 36,510 square miles; population, 4,708,178; ruler, King Luis I., 1861.)

PORTUGAL and Spain together occupy the south-western peninsula of Europe. The two kingdoms have many features in common; their people are of the same race, the mountains of Spain extend into Portugal, and the four great rivers of the latter kingdom—the Guardiana, Tagus, Douro, and Minho—are fed by the rains and melting snows of Spain. The two countries are, however, politically distinct. About one half of the soil is productive, grazing is successfully carried on, and there are profitable mines of iron and copper. Wine forms the staple article of export—the value of wine exported in 1883 amounting to $12,000,000. Other exports are cork, metals, oranges, figs, garlic, and oxen. The principal harbors are at Lisbon, the capital, a city of 250,000 inhabitants, and Oporto, population about 100,000. None of the other towns approach these in size. Portugal lags behind most of the nations of Western Europe in many respects. In 1875 only eighteen per cent. of the people were able to read and write, and though increased attention is now paid to education, progress in this direction is not rapid. The national debt is enormous for a country of so little enterprise and wealth. For thirty years the expenses of the government have invariably exceeded the revenues. In 1884 the public debt was equivalent to $120 for each man, woman, and child in the kingdom. The Roman Catholic is the state religion, though other sects are tolerated. Slavery, although nominally suppressed, is openly allowed in the colonies—a sufficient token, in these days, of unenlightened rule. The colonial possessions of Portugal include 700,000 square miles of territory in Africa and Asia, besides the Azores and Madeira Islands, which are usually reckoned as a part of the home territory.

The history of Portugal as an independent nation begins in 1139 A. D., when Count Alfonso I. renounced his allegiance to the Spanish kingdom of Castile and became king of Portugal. The descendants of Alfonso, the Burgundian line, ruled the country well. The Moors were kept in check, and education and commerce were fostered. The Portuguese mariners of the 15th and 16th centuries discovered the Azores, and the African coast as far as the Cape of Good Hope; thence striking across the ocean, they found the sea-route to India (1498). In America they founded the rich colony of Brazil. For one hundred years Portugal controlled the India trade and held the first rank among commercial nations. But the introduction of the Inquisition and the consequent expulsion of the commercial class—the Jews—put an end to the national greatness. In 1580 the kingdom was annexed to Spain, and its resources were wasted in the wars which Philip II. waged in Holland and Germany. In 1640 the country regained its independence. Its commercial prosperity was never restored. England assumed the office of protector of Portugal and expelled the troops of Napoleon from the kingdom in 1808. The king had sought refuge in Brazil and refused to return. A period of disorder followed, as the result of which both Brazil and Portugal became independent constitutional monarchies (1825–1826). Since 1834 there has been comparative peace.

The London Riot.

THERE was a mob in London February 8. A mass-meeting of unemployed workmen had been appointed to be held in Trafalgar Square around the base of Lord Nelson's monument. A party of Socialists gained control of the meeting and passed resolutions asking the government for relief.

There is real distress among English laborers, and two thirds of the crowd of 15,000 people who had assembled were genuine respectable laborers out of employment. The others were the rabble which collects around any center of interest in a great city. Some one in the throng proposed that they should march through the aristocratic West End in order to give the wealthy people a glimpse of the prevailing distress. The idea was taken up and the assembly started off.

Angered by the derisive looks and words of the gentlemen who lounged about the Carlton Club, some of the excited men threw stones through the windows of that exclusive resort. Stone-throwing began all along the line, and thousands of windows were broken. The vagabond element found in the general excitement many opportunities for plunder. Pockets were picked, of course, and jewelry shops were ransacked. After damage to the amount of several thousand dollars had been done, a division of police appeared and easily dispersed the mob, making a few arrests for thieving. The next day another large crowd assembled around the Nelson column, but they had no leaders, and were scattered with little difficulty by the authorities. The affair made a great stir in London, and exaggerated reports were cabled to this country, yet the whole matter passed over without the loss of a single life.

The news of the riot in London recalls the Gordon riots of 1780, when 100,000 armed men paraded the streets of that city pillaging and burning for several days, and committing all manner of outrages upon the Catholics. In "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens depicts many incidents of that reign of terror. This was the mob:

> They had torches with them, and the chief faces were distinctly visible. That they had been engaged in the destruction of some building was sufficiently apparent, and that it was a Catholic place of worship was evident from the spoils they bore as trophies, which were easily recognizable for the vestments of priests and rich fragments of altar furniture. Covered with dirt, and soot, and dust, and lime, their garments torn to rags; their hair hanging wildly about them; their hands and faces jagged and bleeding with the wounds of rusty nails; Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis hurried on before them all, like hideous madmen. After them the dense throng came fighting on; some singing; some shouting in triumph; some quarreling among themselves; some menacing the spectators as they passed; some with great wooden fragments on which they spent their rage as if they had been alive, rending them limb from limb, and hurling the scattered morsels high into the air; some in a drunken state, unconscious of the hurts they had received from falling bricks and stones and beams; one borne upon a shutter, in the very midst, covered with a dingy cloth, a senseless, ghastly heap. Thus a vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of flaring, smoky light; a dream of demon heads and savage eyes, and sticks and iron bars uplifted in the air and whirled about, a bewildering horror in which so much was seen and yet so little, which seemed so long and yet so short, in which there were so many phantoms not to be forgotten all through life, and yet so many things that could not be observed in one distracting glimpse—it flitted onward and was gone.

The Death of General Hancock.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK died at his head-quarters on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, February 9, after a short illness. Gen. Hancock was one of the most distinguished of American soldiers. Born in Pennsylvania, February 14, 1824, he entered the military academy at West Point at the age of sixteen, and at graduation was appointed to service in the South-west.

In the Mexican War he won his first promotion "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cherubusco." After the close of this war he served successively in Florida, Kansas, and California, doing much to keep the latter State from secession. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was employed to bring into military shape the masses of raw recruits which afterward made up the splendid Army of the Potomac. His qualities as a leader of troops were tested in the Peninsula campaign. After the battle of Williamsburg, M'Clellan sent the famous telegram to Washington, "Hancock was superb!" By his bravery and judgment he won the admiration of his men, and his promotion to the rank of Major-General in November, 1862, was hailed with universal delight. In June, 1863, Gen. Hancock was put in command of the Second Corps. When Lee, marching northward to invade the loyal States, was checked and then turned back in the three days' fight at Gettysburg (July 1–3, 1863), Hancock held the center of the Union line, and stubbornly resisted Longstreet's famous charge. He was severely wounded in this decisive battle, but served with distinction until the close of the war.

In 1865 he commanded at Washington during the trial and execution of the conspirators against President Lincoln. He was then placed in charge of the Department of the Gulf. In 1868 he was assigned to the command of the Division of the Atlantic, and, with an interval of three years in Dakota, he held this post until his death.

As a popular soldier and a Democrat he was selected by his party, in 1880, as candidate for President, but was defeated by his Republican competitor, Gen. James A. Garfield. His latest public appearance was as military director at the funeral of Gen. Grant, on which occasion he acted with the good sense that has characterized his official career. His death removes another prominent figure from the now rapidly diminishing group of soldiers to whom the Republic owes her existence.

The Death of Horatio Seymour.

HORATIO SEYMOUR died at Utica, N. Y., Feb. 12, after a ten days' illness. Mr. Seymour was born in Onondaga County, N. Y., May 31, 1810, and his long life was passed within the limits of his native State. He studied law, but, entering public life at an early age, he never practiced his profession.

In the State Assembly he gained a prominence and popularity which served him in his subsequent canvasses for the governorship. After a defeat by a narrow majority, in 1850, he was elected governor in 1852, but his action in vetoing a temperance bill secured his defeat two years later. In 1863, while the Civil War was at its height, he was again chosen governor, and in his Inaugural Address he declared his purpose of standing firmly by the government in its efforts to sustain the Union, and he was true to his declaration.

During the "Draft Riots" of July, 1863, Governor Seymour, in the course of a speech to the

rioters, addressed them as "My friends," and this expression was used against him in subsequent political discussions. He presided in the Democratic Convention of 1864, which nominated M'Clellan for the Presidency, and four years later he was himself the unsuccessful candidate of his party against Gen. Grant. Since that time he has remained in retirement, refusing all political honors, but exercising a marked influence upon the action of his party. In the death of Horatio Seymour New York loses a citizen whose deepest interest was in the prosperity and development of his State, and a prominent figure is removed from the field of politics.

Pronunciation.

A-zōres'.
Bra-zil'.
Bur-gund'i-an.
Cas-tile' (-teel').
Cher-u-bus'co.
Dou'rō (Doo'-).
Guar-di-an'a.
Lis'bon (Liz'-).
Ma-dēi'ra (-dee'-).
Min'ho (Meen'yo).
Na-po'le-on.
On'on-da'ga (-daw'-).
O-pōr'tō.
Pōrt'u-guese (-geez).
Sey'mour (See'-).
Tā'gus.
Tra-fāl'-gar, or Traf-al-gar.'

A Brief Survey.

The Senate has passed the bill admitting the southern half of Dakota as a State.——Bodies of men have sailed from various American ports to assist in a filibustering expedition against the Central American State of Honduras.——Several riots have taken place in Pennsylvania where the strike in the coke region continues.——The fourteen cigar manufactories in New York city from which the workmen were locked out were re-opened Feb. 12, the laborers and their employers having agreed upon a scale of prices.——The trouble of the rival State senates in Ohio is being settled. The cases of the four men who are charged with obtaining their seats by fraud are being investigated. Disputed questions are to be submitted to an arbitration committee.——On Feb. 6 an unsuccessful attempt was made upon the life of President Caamaño, of Ecuador.——Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French projector of the Panama Canal, has gone to the Isthmus to inaugurate what he declares to be "the final stage of the work."——The Roman Catholic Archbishop Gibbons, of Maryland, has received notice that at the papal consistory in March he will be appointed cardinal in the place of the late Cardinal M'Closkey. The archbishop is an American by birth, and is about fifty-two years of age.——On Saturday, Feb. 7, the Chinese of Seattle, W. T., were marched to the dock by a mob. About 100 of them were put on board the San Francisco steamer, the mob paying their passage money. The authorities summoned the militia, and on Monday undertook to enforce the law. The Chinese on the steamer were told that they might go or stay, but that in any event they would be protected. Nearly all of them chose to go. The city offered to pay the expenses of all who wished to go, and the steamer *Queen* sailed with 195 on board. Those who remained marched back to Chinatown under escort of the militia. A mob attempted to break the line and the guards fired, killing and wounding several of the citizens. Great excitement ensued, but the mob was held in check. A similar outbreak occurred at Olympia, W. T. At the request of the governor the President issued a proclamation on Tuesday commanding the insurgents to disperse and ordering troops to the scene of the disturbance.——It is reported that Greece will disarm, and that Turkey will be compelled by the Powers to grant the Greek demand for the cession of Epirus.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—The pastor and his family were discussing at the tea-table the editorial in OUR YOUTH of January 16, on "Harry," when eight-year-old Charlie sagely remarked, "I'm going to be a Methodist when I grow up. I wont *backslide* into another Church."

—Policeman—"You have been standing here for an hour. Move on."

Absent-minded chess-player—"Beg pardon, sir, it's your move."—*Judge.*

—If you will only practice long enough at setting a steel trap, you will be sure to get your hand in.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Grandmamma," said a Murray Hill young lady, indignantly, "Clara Van Spuyten says that you and grandpapa kept a corner grocery store when you were young."

"She is mistaken," said grandmamma.

"I knew she was—the mean, spiteful thing! The idea!"

"Yes, she is mistaken," went on the old lady retrospectively; "it wasn't on a corner."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Lieutenant (to grinning German soldier in the line)—"What are you laughing at?"

Soldier—"Pardon me, but I have just caught the point of a fine joke which I heard yesterday."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside, the other evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my little dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

—Baron (to his son's tutor)—"Now, how are you pleased with my son's progress?"

Tutor—"I can declare with certainty that your son overcomes the easiest things with the greatest difficulty."—*From the German.*

—Purchaser (to boy in antiquary shop)—"Have you any old Roman armor in stock?"

Boy—"Not just now, sir; but we have some out rusting."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.—Teacher—"Now, Klaus, if I say the father blessed his six children, is that active or passive?"

"That is active."

"Correct, and what is passive?"

"The father was blessed with six children."—*German Humor.*

—Mercury is said to be the god of thieves. Mercury has certainly got pretty low this winter.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A new poem in an exchange says, "Winter is now here." When we find our hydrants frozen, and the thermometer down to zero, and a fantastic coating of ice an eighth of an inch thick on the office window panes, we are constrained to admit that the poet is not far out of the way. Any one who mistakes this weather for August deserves to have his ears frozen six inches deep.—*Norristown Herald.*

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

All the people think that I'm a little boy,
But I'm really a red-handed army scout;
To kill the pesky red-skins is my joy,
I can put whole tribes of them to rout.

Ah, you ought to see me shooting at a mark!
I am fiercer, bolder, wilder than another.
But—it seems to me it's getting rather dark,
And I guess I'd best be looking up my mother.

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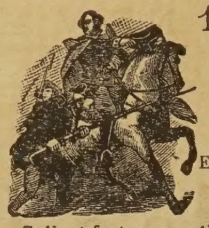

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